

*Fig. 1.*



*Fig. 2.*



*Fig. 3.*



*Fig. 4*



*Fig. 5.*



# Reafons *against* Matrimony ;

Being a SURVEY of the

# ISLE OF MARRIAGE.

O R,

A New and Accurate DESCRIPTION of all the Provinces, Districts, Ports, Towns, Rivers, Policy, and Government, of that vast and populous Country.

C O N T A I N I N G

A particular Account of its various Inhabitants under the following Heads ;

T H E

*Discreet*, the *Prudes*, the *Ill matched*, the *Ill-at-Ease*, the *Jealous*, the *Cuckolds*, whether *Contented*, *Fran-tick*, *Imaginary*, or *Incredulous* ; and the Inhabitants of the two little Districts of *Divorce* and *Widow-hood* ; as also some Remarks on the two Islands of *Polygamy*, and of *Love*.

W I T H

Useful DIRECTIONS and CAUTIONS how to avoid the many dangerous Precipices, Torrents, Morasses and Quicksands, wherewith the ISLAND OF MARRIAGE abounds, and wherein so many Thousands who have undertaken the Voyage have miserably perish'd.

To which is prefix'd,

A DISSUASIVE from MATRIMONY, in an Epistle Dedicatory to CÆLIA.

---

There are no Bargains driv'n,  
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heav'n :  
And that's the Reason, as some guess,  
There is no Heav'n in Marriages.      H U B.

---

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TO  
CÆLIA;  
With the MAP of the  
*Isle of Marriage.*

**C**ÆLIA, this Map to you I send,  
Both as a Lover, and a Friend;  
Here you may see the various  
Ills,

Attend those Fair, and headstrong Wills,  
(Regardless of the friendly Voice,  
Which warns them of their fatal Choice,)  
Lead them the dang'rous Trip to take,  
And Shipwreck of their Quiet make.

But

## To CÆLIA.

But be you warn'd, by others Fall,  
Nor tempt the flatt'ring Seas at all ;  
Since herein you may plainly see,  
How humdrum's the Felicity,  
Ev'n of the most deserving She.

Perhaps you'll say, you *me* will take,

And Partner of this Voyage make :

Thank you for nothing, beauteous Fair,

I am much better here than, there,

*Marriage* by all has been allowed,

Of *Love*, the winding Sheet, and Shrowd :

Your *happy Lover* fain I'd be,

But as for *Marriage*, none for me.

Then if with open Eyes you'll run.

Upon that Fate you now may shun,

And *rashly* wed for *Pride*, or *Pelf*,

If you repent, pray thank yourself :

I've done my Part in warning you,

So take your Fortune, and *adieu*.

A M A P



A  
M A P  
O F T H E  
Isle of Marriage.

TT was one of the finest Days that the Summer could afford, and I had a great Fancy to take a little Country Air, when one of my particular Friends called upon me at Break of Day, and desired me to bear him Company to a little Box he had five Miles out of Town, where he was to meet some Persons about an Affair of Importance. I was far from refusing a Proposal so very agreeable to my own Inclinations, wherefore we set out soon after Sun-Rising, and in little more than half an Hour arriv'd at his House, than which nothing could be more pleasantly situated.

We had not been there above two Hours, and were diverting ourselves with a Walk in the Garden, which for its Extent is hardly to be surpass'd in Beauty,

Beauty, when three Ladies, and two Gentlemen, enter'd the same, amongst whom was Dorimant, one of my most intimate Friends: I then judg'd immediately that the important Affair which had drawn us thither was rather a Party of Pleasure than any serious Busines, and was not at all displeas'd at my having been so agreeably deceived.

Having joined Companies, and the reciprocal Salutations being over, we took four or five Turns in the Garden, after which we all adjourned, by Consent, to Breakfast, which was prepared for us in a most delightful Summer-House.

Breakfast being over, and the Sun shining out very hot, the Ladies did not care to return into the Garden, but chose rather to spend the Time in Chit-Chat where they were till after Dinner, when the Sultry Heat of the Day would be over.

It is reasonable to believe that we were none of us so unmannerly as to contradict the Fair; in Complaisance to them therefore we all approved of what they proposed, and severally related some of the most merry Adventures, which daily happen in this over-grown City; after which one of the Ladies chanced to say, that a young Gentleman then present was just upon the Point of Marriage with a very beautiful Lady.

There needed no more to set us all a discanting upon this terrible Bond, which is almost generally courted, and that very eagerly, by all such as have not experienced it, but proves an insupportable Burthen to almost all those who are under its Yoke.

It must be own'd, said I, that the God of Marriage is a very dextrous Enchanter, since he so effectually bewitches those who have not enlisted under his Banner, that they will take no warning by the Mistortunes of others: But I believe, what makes them so incorrigible, is the Self-sufficiency of the greatest Part of Mankind, who presuming too much upon their own Abilities, are very apt to imagine,

imagine, that they shall either manage with more Discretion; or be more fortunate than their Neighbours.

Since we are upon this Subject, said *Dorimant*, if you please Ladies, I will read you a little Piece which I happen to have in my Pocket, and which I fancy will entertain you very agreeably: It may likewise serve as a Lesson to this young Gentleman, who is upon the point of being married, and to whom I wish a Fortune suitable to his Merit and Expectation.

The Ladies were far from refusing to hear what *Dorimant* proposed to read to them. I know you, Sir, said one of them, to be a Gentleman of such an exquisite Judgment, that I shall always approve of whatever pleases you, wherefore whether this Piece be the Offspring of your own Brain, or the Composition of any other's, as long as it hits your Taste, it cannot fail of affording us a sensible Pleasure in the hearing it.

*Dorimant* returned this Compliment with a low Bow, after which, without waiting for farther Ceremonies he took the Piece out of his Pocket, opened it, and read as follows.

## A MAP of the ISLE of MARRIAGE.

**T**H E Country which I am going to describe to you, is an Island of a vast extent, and indisputably the most populous of any Country in the Universe. There is no Possibility of entering it, but in Couples, a Man and a Woman, whence it comes that there is always an equal Number of both Sexes therein; For, no sooner has any one set his Foot in it, but there is a strong Guard placed

placed continually at the Mouths of the Harbours, which prevents all Persons whatsoever stirring from thence, but on Condition of having their Partners carried to the Grave, and being themselves transported to the Peninsula of *Widowhood*, which is one of the Ends of the Island.

Nor is this Precaution needless, for were it not for these Guards, this Island, as populous as it is, would soon be a meer Desert: For, notwithstanding Thousands of Strangers are flocking thither every Day from all Parts, being induced thereunto by the Spirit of Curiosity, the first Ruin of Mankind, it is very certain that most of the Inhabitants would soon swarm out again by Millions, did not these numerous Guards render it impracticable.

There is no Way to arrive at this vast Region, but by two Ports; the one whereof is called *Interest*, and the other *Love*. The first of these is a trading Port, full of immense Riches, where Fathers and Mothers keep a perpetual Fair to put off their Daughters, who are set out for Sale in their Warehouses, and are disposed of for good round Sums in ready Money. But there is one Thing very particular in the Way of trading of these Gentry; for whereas other Dealers expect Money in return for their Goods, these give a Handsome Price to those who will take their Merchandise off their Hands. The Port of *Interest* is open on all Sides, and one may enter it with any Wind.

The other is a most agreeable Port, abounding with all imaginable Pleasures: The People live there in a perpetual Spring, and the Trees, which are ever green, are always full of Birds, which make the Air resound with their Love-inspiring Harmony. The only Wind that carries into this Port, is a gentle Gale called *Sighs*, and one always enters therein with Delight; but very often before one can get in, therentite sudden Hurricanes, which come from the high Mountain of *Parents*, drive the Vesse!

Vessels back into open Sea, and prevent their putting into Port. Nevertheless when the abovementioned Gale is good, and perseveres constantly in blowing from the Region of Sighs, it seldom fails of getting the better of these *Auricaneb*, and bringing Passengers safe into Harbour.

When one comes first within sight of this Island, and takes a View of it afar off, before one's entring the Port, nothing can seem either more inviting, or more agreeable. One is entertain'd on all sides with enchanting Prospects, that form beautiful Landscapes to distant Beholders, and deceive the Eye most egregiously ; but no sooner has one once set Foot ashore, but in Proportion as one advances up into the Country, one perceives that those Plains, which seem'd before, when at a Distance, to be cover'd with a lively Verdure, to be enamell'd with Flowers, and to flourish with all the Beauties of the jolly Spring, are overspread with Briars, and Thorns, and full of dark and melancholy Vales, divided by Torrents, and Precipices, abounding with intricate and perplexing Roads, that are crossed by Morasses, which render them unpassable. One finds also that those beautiful rising Grounds, which one fancied cover'd with little verdant Groves, are nothing but Heaps of steep Rocks, between the mournful Cypress, which overshade them ; besides which, they are full of wild Beasts, Dragons, and Serpents.

Thus 'tis evident that this Island affords two very different Prospects ; one, which is very agreeable to those who have not yet set Foot thereon, and onely view it at a Distance ; and another, which is highly disagreeable to those who have run themselves wilfully into that Confinement, and who are no sooner inchall'd therein, but they offer up their most ardent Vows, for that dear Liberty, which they have given up so imprudently ; insomuch that 'tis just the same with them, as with the Goldfinch and the Cage.

How sweet to warble in a Cage,  
 And with soft Notes our Cares to asswage !  
 All's there provided at our Need,  
 Pure limpid Stream, good wholesome Seed ;  
 A kind She too with whom to play,  
 And sing and sport the Hours away :  
 Thus said a Goldfinch blithe, when he  
 Incag'd, a Linnet once did see,  
 ( Himself mean while at Liberty )  
 With cheerful Note, and joyous Sound,  
 Who made his Prison Walls resound.  
 So Damon when one Day he spy'd,  
 A Blooming Virgin, Nature's Pride,  
 With Extasy and Rapture cry'd :  
 Thrice Happy I beyond Mankind,  
 Were I but to that Fair One join'd,  
 In an indissoluble Tye,  
 With her to live, with her to die.  
 But neither Cage, nor Marriage State.  
 E'er shew their Evils 'til too late ;  
 Nor Birds, nor Man, find out the Cheat  
 'Til they are in, and past retreat.  
 O you, who burn with am'rous Fire,  
 Wou'd you still keep alive Desire,  
 And add fresh Fuel to the Flame,  
 Still love, but never wed the Dame.

The Inhabitants of this Island are at perpetual War with those of the Isle of *Amathontis*, or of *Lovers*, which lies very near them : I shall describe in the Sequel, after what Manner their Wars are carried on ; but first, it will be necessary to give a Description of the different Inhabitants of the Isle of *Marriage*.

Towards the *East*, and inclining a little to the *South*, one may see another *Island*, separated by a great Arm of the Sea, which holds no manner of Correspondence with our *Isle* ; it is called *Polygamy* : The *Mahometans* have usurp'd to themselves the Possession

session thereof, and our rigid Laws forbid our so much as touching thereat, on the most severe Penalties.

Not but there have sometimes been Travellers, who have been so curious as to take a Trip thither, out of a Frölick, or out of Love, and have obtained Admittance there by some Stratagem: But nevertheless they have not been able to effect this, without embroiling themselves with the Courts of Justice, and unless one has as much Gold to throw away as my Lord M——d, one runs the Hazard of taking a Voyage with Count Caboon, to the Chequer-Inn, in Newgate Street.

The Mahometans then are left in peaceable Possession of the Isle of Polygamy, and they have accordingly caused the following Verses to be cut in Golden Letters upon a Marble, which is placed at the Head of the Pier of their Harbour.

*To satisfy Love's raging Flames,*  
*We Mussulmans wed twenty Dames;*  
*Although, we know the strongest He,*  
*More than enough will find one She :*  
*But this with us a Rule we make,*  
*'Tis not too much a Score to take,*  
*So that among them we can find,*  
*One Wife that's gen'rrous, just, and kind.*

The Island of Marriage is divided into five Provinces, which have each of them a Capital City, and several little Towns dependent thereon. Four of these Provinces extend themselves along the four Sea Coasts, but the largest, which is chiefly peopled by the Colonies that flock thither from the other four, is in the Center of the Island, the Government whereof it has usurped, through the prodigious Number of its Inhabitants.

The four Provinces which lye along the Sea Coasts are inhabited by the *Discreet*, the *Ill-matched*, the *Ill-*

*at-Ease, and the Jealous* : The Head Province, which is in the Middle, is the famous *Cuckoldshire*, whose Capital is the well-known *Hornborough*. But besides these five Provinces, there are likewise two *Peninsulas*, the one of *Widowhood*, and the other of *Divorce*, which have taken up two Necks of Land, at two Ends of this Island.

The Province of the *Discreet*, who were formerly called the *Faithful*, extends itself along the whole *Eastern Coast*. Its Capital City is called *Sophia*; its Buildings are modest and regular, its Fortifications good, and capable of making a resolute Defence; it is watered by *Chastity*, which is a River, whose pure Stream flows softly, and without Noise, although in its Course it is enlarged by the Waters of four Rivulets, called *Piety*, *Austerity*, *Morality*, and *Vigilance*: These have nothing agreeable in them, because they only run in Meanders, and their Sides are every where covered with Briars, and Thickets, which prevent the Incursions of the Scouts of *Amathontis*, who might otherwise attempt to land there.

The Governor of this City is *Prince Integrity*, and my Lord *Honour* is the Civil Magistrate; their Churches are always open, they live there with Frugality, and enjoy no Pleasures but what are innocent. The Publick Walks where they take the Air, are all planted with *Linden* Trees, that are sprung from those into which *Baucis* and *Philemon* are changed; and all their Fences are Pallisadoes of *Laurel*, sprung from the *Chaste Daphne*.

Nevertheless as delightful and well governed as this City is, one can scarcely imagine how very few Inhabitants there are therein; and were it not for the *Prudes*, who have found the means to get Admittance into it, under the borrowed Mask of Virtue, this Province would be almost a Desert.

These *Prudes* then possess the largest Part of this City, and inhabit a Quarter, which is separated from the others by the *Obscure*, a little River over-shaded.

shaded with Trees, which shield it from the Beams of the Sun, and disembogues itself into the *Black Sea.*

Their Houses on the outside, are not to be distinguished from those of the *Discreet*; but when my Lord *Honour* goes from Time to Time, and makes a narrow Inspection into the Inside of their Tenements, he finds so vast a Difference between their outward Appearance, and their Management within Doors, that he is often forced to banish them, and to send large Colonies of them to people the Head Province.

The Metropolis being so poorly inhabited, it may be well thought that the Country Towns and Villages are yet worse. In effect, one meets only with a few scattered up and down, and almost without Inhabitants; and even these are of such a churlish untractable Temper, that a Passenger is hard put to it to find a Lodging.

Although those who are really *Discreet*, are *haughty* and *reserved*, they behave themselves with yet less Haughtiness than the *Prudes*; there are no People in the World who extol their own Merit to such a Degree as they, or make such a Noise about their Virtues, insomuch that they treat all their Neighbours with the utmost Contempt: But although they affect to seem wonderfully intrepid, and to be eager for the Combat, they often prove not to be so brave, as they would be thought by their Discourse; and the *Amatontins* seldom attempt to invade their Territories, without making considerable Havock among them.

Even amongst the real *Discreet*, one may find two different Sorts; one of those, are so through a principle of Honour, and are always as cheerful, as they are invincible; but there are others, whose Chastity is more owing to their Vanity, than their Virtue; these have always a sullen Gravity in their Looks, which sufficiently demonstrates, that they are not at all pleased with their Condition.

As

As little inhabited as the Country is, and as severe as the Laws of their Government are, it does not prevent some, and those even of the most *Discreet*, from removing daily into the Head Province ; for, in short, Virtue, as well as the Mind, grows weary of too intense an Application to one Point, and is apt to abate of its Severity ; but those who stay behind, look upon these Deserters with Contempt, for which Reason, they have set up the following Inscription over the Front of their principal Gate.

*Ye virtuous Fair, our Island's Pride,  
Whose sterl<sup>ing</sup> Honour often try'd,  
Has always made a brave Defence ;  
Hither without Distrust repair,  
Here you may live secure from Fear,  
Arm'd Cap a-pe with Innocence.  
What tho' we are in Number few ?  
We're all intrepid, stanch, and true,  
Nor Trenches or Ambushes dread.  
Nor need we gainst our Honour's Foes,  
Implore the feeble Aid of Those.  
Who basely from our Colours fled.*

On the opposite Part of the Island, that is on the *Western Coast*, is the whimsical and unaccountable Province of the *Ill match'd* : The Metropolis of this Province is called the *Old Town*. None of the Buildings of this City have any Conformity one with the other, nor is there any manner of Symmetry observed therein ; insomuch that one may often see a great Gate to a small House, and a diminutive Wicket to a spacious Palace. It is watered by two Rivers, one whereof is called the *Fantasque*, and the other the *Clandestine* : The one is a River consisting wholly of Cascades, and hurrying every Moment with Violence down Precipices ; and the other a rapid Torrent, which being ashamed of showing itself, runs impetuously under Ground, but notwithstanding the Care

it

it takes to hide its Course, cannot prevent its being discovered, by a hollow Noise it makes in flowing.

As soon as one has set Foot within the Gates of this City, one hears nothing but the Cries and Complaints of Children, whom either an old Mother has sacrificed to a young Rake; or whom an old Debauchee has given up as Victims to a young Coquet. Here the Master of a Family marries a Cook-Maid, and there an old Beldame of Quality takes to Husband her *Valet de Chambre*, and solemnizes in her own Chapel a Ceremony, which serves only to add fresh Shame to her Licentiousness.

At the Gates of this City grows that famous Wood, mentioned by the bantering Doctor in the Play. The Trees he says of this Wood, bear the Heads of all sorts of Iron Tools, and the Earth underneath, produces proper Handles wherewith to fit them up; but it often happens, that when the Iron is at full Growth, and falls, instead of meeting with a Handle that would be proper for it, it drops upon one that matches it most preposterously: For instance, the Head of a Sythe falls upon the Handle of a Pike, the Head of a Halberd upon the Helve of a Hatchet and so of all the rest, insomuch that not one of them meets with a Handle suitable to its purpose.

It is just the same Case with those, who make Matches so disproportionable either for Age, or Quality, that they only render themselves a Laughing Stock to every one who hears thereof; I would have all Persons therefore remember this, as an infallible Truth;

*On equal Hinges turns the Marriage State,  
No Happiness therein's allow'd by late,  
Too great a Disproportion if there be,  
In Fortune, Humour, Age, or Quality.*

For although it is a very common Saying, and almost grown into a Proverb, that *Love will unite the most*

*most distant Extreams in its Center*: It is only in Love Affairs that this Union must be understood to be effected with Pleasure, but when the indissoluble Tye of Matrimony is in the Case, the Proverb will be found no longer to hold good.

Upon the *Southern Coast* of this Island, is the Province of the *Ill-at Ease*, whose Capital City is *Short-Allowance*, under the Command of Colonel *Hard-Fare*. The Inhabitants of this Country are melancholy and fretful; the Houses are but Cottages, which the want of Belly-Timber unfurnishes by little and little; the Kitchens all lye open to the *North-Wind*, and the People therein have little else to do, but to blow their Fingers. The City is watered by *Famine*, a sorry little Brook, which only runs murmuring over a parcel of Flint-Stones, and does not afford the smalleſt little Fish; the Barren Fields yield nothing but Straw, and the Vines nought but ſlower and diſtaſtful Grapes.

Notwithstanding this miserable Want of necessary Provision, moſt part of the Inhabitants, and eſpecially the Women, which cheat their Bellies of the little they can afford, to beſtow it upon a deceitful Dress, which conceals their inward Necessities, under the Diſguife of an eaſy Outside. But this Deſire of Finery beyond what they can afford, and the Cries of a half-starved Belly, makes these Inhabitants leave this miserable Country with Pleasure, and flock in large Colonies, to people the Head Province, and endeavour to help the Barrenness of their Lands by the kindly Showers of Gold that fall from the Poc-kets of their Lovers.

*Gallants, who ſtudy Night and Day,  
To gain fresh Conquests o'er the Fair,  
The coyeſt ſhe will fall a Prey,  
When her own Wants first lay the Snare.*

On the Northern Coast of the Isle of Marriage lies the Province of the *Jealous*, whose Capital City is situated on the Middle of Mount *Chimera*, just in that Part which the Antients said was inhabited by *Bulls* and *Goats*, the Top being possessed by *Lyons*, and the Bottom by *Serpents*; which gave Rise to the Fable of its being an Animal composed of three Natures. But the Poets, who were wretched Geographers, have mistaken its Situation, since it is certainly in this Province that Mount *Chimera* is situated.

The Metropolis of the *Jealous* is called *False-Belief*; it is water'd by *Anxiety*, which is a River, whose deep yellow Stream serves the Inhabitants as a deceitful and fallacious Looking-Glass, and fills their Heads with *horned* Visions, by representing things to them in a quite different Manner from what they are in Reality. But besides the delusive Nature of the Water of this River, the Inhabitants, in Imitation of the *Antojos* amongst the Spaniards, never stir a Step without wearing upon their Noses great Spectacles made of *magnifying* Glass, which magnifies all Objects to that Degree, that the smallest Fly seems to them like an Elephant, and every Atom appears to be a Pair of *large Brow-Antlers*.

These People are the most savage of any in the whole Island, and their Country is the most rugged and unpassable: It is wholly overspread with steep Mountains, covered with impenetrable Woods, gloomy Vales, and barren Plains; wherefore none but the native Inhabitants can dwell therein, neither would the *Jealous* suffer them if they cou'd, and much less the *Amabontins*, than any others; because they are firmly persuaded, that they find some Means or other, to accomplish their Designs every where.

The Capital City, although situated on the Side of a Hill, stands nevertheless in a very obscure Place, and is overshadowed with Mountains on every Side.

There is no Way to it but by narrow difficult Roads, full of watchful Centinels, whose Eyes are never both closed at one Time, but the one wakes, while the other sleeps. They caused formerly the following Inscription to be set up upon a high Post, that was erected for that Purpose, beyond the *Glacis* of their Fortifications.

*Deceivers, fly Gallants, away;  
This is no Place for you to stay;  
Yourselves who value on base Arts,  
To circumvent weak Women's Hearts;  
This City is forbidden Ground,  
March off, nor in these Parts be found;  
You may indeed the Outworks view,  
But all within's forbidden you.*

The *Amathontins* being nettled at the presumptuous Confidence of these Verses, march'd thither one Night, blotted them out, and substituted these tolling in their Room.

*When once two Hearts which burn with mutual Fires,  
With prudent Care conceal their fierce Desires,  
The subtlest He no easy Task will find,  
To part that Pair whom ardent Love has join'd.  
In vain a Fool may watch them up and down,  
He'll scratch his Horns at last, and sighing own,  
When Wife and Spark are firm combin'd to gull you,  
Do what you please, you'll find yourself their Cully.*

The Streets of this City are extreamly lightsome, and very straight, to the End that one may be able to have a clear View of all that is transacted therein, from one End to the other; but the Houses are extreamly dark, having but few Windows, and those very small and crois-barr'd: The Inhabitants are mighty grave, and hold very little Correspondence with their Neighbours.

Although

Although the City be pretty populous, one sees very few Folks in the Streets, and the Husbands beat the *Tat-Tat* very early, to call their Wives home in good Time, before the Dusk of the Evening exposes them to any Surprize: They are an odd Sort of Mortals; they are perpetually upon Thorns, and one may see them hurry out, and return in again, every Minute, with the utmost Abruptness, their Eyes staring all the while, and their Ears pricked up, with the utmost Attention and Anguish.

They apply to themselves every Word that is spoken; and tremble at the Sight of a Man of Gallantry, as much as a Dove at the Sight of a Hawk: Then it is that they are very diverting, by the Ridiculousness and Folly of their Uneasiness; which is so far from being of any Service to them, that they themselves contribute most to the Success of their Enemies Affairs, by their perpetual teasing and provoking those, whom they would defend from their Attacks: Since it is certain that nothing contributes more to the Conquest of a Gallant, than the Reasons one gives a Wife to revenge herself of one's ill Usage; and I have known those whose Pleasure has received a more exquisite Relish, by the extravagant Humours and Caprices of a jealous Cuckold.

"Tis said that one Day, a pretty large Colony of these *jealous* Husbands, were obliged to remove all together into the head Province, and that by a very whimsical and merry Accident. An *Amathomian*, who had found Means to steal into their Quarters, took it in his Head to post up the following Verses, in the principal Square of the City.

*Cease, jealous Fools, your storming cease,  
Which does but your own Woes increase,  
And add fresh Fuel to our Fires,  
To tease your Spouses Night and Day,  
Believe me, is the ready Way,  
To make them yield to loose Desires.*

*Yours*

*Your unkind Blows, to tender Wives,  
Your causeless Brawls, and restless Lives,  
In everlasting Discord spent;  
Will to yourselves most fatal prove,  
Will kindle Hate, instead of Love,  
And forward what you'd most prevent!*

Hereupon one of the Inhabitants, who having a Flea in his Ear, happened to rise earlier than the rest, and had some Busines in that Square; went thither, found these Verses, tore them down that Instant, hurried home directly with all Speed, and thresh'd his Wife most enormously: This done, he handed them about very carefully from Door to Door amongst all his Neighbours; who taking each of them the Thing to himself, treated his Rib just in the same Manner as the first Coxcomb; but notwithstanding all the Vigilance of these Noodles, every one of the Women concerted their Measures so well together, that they were fully revenged of them the very Night following; insomuch that the next Morning when they awoke, all these jealous Coxcombs found themselves in *Cuckoldshire*, without having ever dreamed of it, and were irrecoverably entered upon the Register of the Head Province.

I have already observed that this City is watered by the River *Anxiety*, which is a large River, navigable from its very Spring. Its Waters have this Property, that they deprive one of Sleep; it yields no other Fish but *Gudgeons*, which the *Amathontins* often prevail on these jealous Gentry to swallow. The City is extreamly strong and inaccessible; the Walls, which are at least as thick as those built by *Semiramis*, are surrounded on all Sides by this deep River; so that there is no approaching the City, but by a Bridge that is laid over the River, beyond which is a narrow Causey, fortified by six strong Barriers, well guarded, which lead up to the only Gate there is, insomuch that no *Amathontin* can pass, but by the Help

Help of some Disguise. But as there are no People in the World that are more ingenious than this Nation, some of them perpetually find the Means to get into the City, which they seldom leave without making terrible Havock.

Having given an Account of the four Nations that inhabit the Sea Coasts, Order next requires me to mention the head Province of *Cuckoldshire*, and its numerous Inhabitants, who by a very just *Antonomasia*, have assumed to themselves the Name of *Cuckolds*.

The Capital of this Province is called *Hornborough*, and is at least as large as *London*, to which it bears a very great Resemblance; but like the ancient *Thebes* it has a Hundred Gates, that it may be able to give Entrance to the prodigious Concource of New-comers, who daily flock thither from all Parts; all the World having a Title to a Freedom there, from the greatest Emperor to the most scoundrel Black-guard; and as soon as his Spouse pleases, the Husband puts in his Claim, and enters into Possession, in Right of his Wife. In short, this City, and indeed the whole Province, has the same Property as the *Sea*, and the *Gallows*, for it *refuses none*, from the *Prince* to the *Beggar*. It has been observed indeed by some, in Exception to this, that there never was *Pope*, *Cardinal*, *Jesuit*, nor *Priest* in all this Province; I suppose, because they don't care for the Company of People of such bad Principles; but then, to make Amends, there have been Abundance of Rosy cheek'd Protestant Divines, especially *A—b—ps*, *B—ps*, and dignified *Clergymen*, against whom no Exception has ever been made, they being always very welcome Guests.

This City is situated in the Midst of a large, and fertile Plain, abounding with all the Pleasures and Delicacies that can be wished for in Life; the *Pactolus* runs quite through the Midst of it, and its fruitful Streams, which abound with Golden Sand, divide it

it exactly in two. My Lord Ready-Money, a Grandee of Spain, and formerly Vice-Roy of Peru, is Governor thereof; the Jupiters also of the Treasury, who can convert themselves into Golden Showers, bear great Sway there, it being from their powerful Body that the Magistracy are yearly chosen; for which Reason they have caused the following Inscription to be set over the Front of their Town Hall.

*Whene'er we Lovers sue in vain,  
And neither Sighs nor Vows avail;  
To move the Fair to ease our Pain,  
The Golden Key will never fail.*

Each Side of the *Pactolus* is divided into two Quarters; insomuch that the whole City consists of four Parts, inhabited by four Sorts of Citizens, who from their different Characters, are called by different Names: These are, the *Contented*, the *Frantick*, the *Incredulous*, and the *Imaginary Cuckolds*.

The *Contented Cuckolds* dwell in a Quarter which they have named the *Land of Plenty*; they are a good Sort of People, with whom a Man may do what he will, and who withdraw commodiously, and without Noise, as soon as ever a Lover appears. They would be very sorry ever to interrupt the Pleasures of those who do them the Honour to visit their Wives: Their Word of Battle is, *Let Pleasure be free, I consent*. This jovial Humour is visible in all their Looks, Words, and Actions: There is nothing to be seen at their Houses, but Dancing and Feasting perpetually, Operas, Balls, Masquerades, Hunting Matches, and Parties of Pleasure, of all which they are sure to be Partakers. The City is neither fortified with Walls, Gates, or Draw-Bridges on their Side; amongst them every one lives without Constraint, and without Jealousy; their only Care being after what Manner they shall divert themselves, provided it is at the Expence of the *Ambontins*;

*Montins*; who are never better pleased than when they are among these good People, although they never fail to send them by Degrees to an Hospital, in order to make Room for others: For Lovers are, in one Respect, like Fish, *the freshest are always the best*. And, to the End that no body may be ignorant of the free and communicative Temper of these Gentry, Care has been taken to have these Verses engraven on a large Plate of Gold, and to have them set up in the Midst of the principal Square.

*With us all lead contented Lives,*  
*None e'er conceal their soft Desires;*  
*But Gallants, Husbands, and their Wives,*  
*Burn openly with mutual Fires.*  
*For what does Secrecy avail,*  
*To guard a buxom Female's Honour,*  
*The watchfull Husband's Care will fail;*  
*When once the loving Fit's upon her.*  
*To yield to Fate is then the best,*  
*And we the wisest Method follow;*  
*We drink, we feast, we take our Rest,*  
*And in Delights and Riches wallow.*  
*Ye jealous Fools, whose empty Pride,*  
*Makes you esteem our Conduct base,*  
*Had you but once the Difference try'd,*  
*Yourselves you'd soon wish in our Places.*  
*With Doubts, and Fears for ever cross'd,*  
*How much less happy Days d'ye pass!*  
*And who lives at another's Cost,*  
*Is not, I'm sure, the greatest Ass.*

Over against these contented Cuckolds, and on the other Side of a large Brook that parts them, are the *Frantick Cuckolds*, who have taken up their Residence in that Quarter of the Town where *Cuckoldom* has erected her Bedlam.

This Quarter which is called the Quarter of the *Pazzi*, is inhabited by those Fools who take a Pleasure

sure in publishing their own Shame, in making the Courts of Justice ring with their ridiculous Complaints, and diverting the Publick with the continual Farce of their Extravagancies. All their Recreation is in bedaubing themselves with Filth, and giving themselves abundance of Trouble, and that at a vast Charge, in order to convince the Courts of Justice of their having suffer'd a Disgrace, which they ought rather, if possible, to endeavour to unknow themselves, and with the Fruits of which the honest Lawyers feast themselves very merrily.

These extravagant Wretches are divided into two Classes, whereof the one have taken up their Quarters in the Hospital of the *Curables*; these are such as after a fruitless Clamour, which has render'd them for some time the Talk, and Jest of the Town, begin to recover their Senses, and say, that all things rightly consider'd, taking one Woman with another, they still like their own Wives best.

The others, who are lodged in a different, and yet less agreeable Quarter, are those *incurable Lunaticks*, who under the Direction of a *hornify'd Physician*, ride full speed to lay their Bones in an Alms-House, by making themselves a Prey to a senseless Obstinacy, and being the continual Bubbles of the Vultures and Harpies of the Law.

The Desolation of their Families, the Confinement of their Wives, the Disowning and bastardizing of their own Children, with an inexhaustible Fund of Law-Suits entail'd one upon another, are the necessary Consequences of their Frenzy; and the Countenance they find as long as they have Money wherewith to feed the hungry Lawyers, is what contributes to their Infatuation, and compleats their Ruin to all Intents and Purposes.

One may see them always in a Fury, with their Eyes swelled out of their Heads, and their Faces in

a Flame, running from Attorney to Attorney, and from Council to Council, hunting for, and hiring, at a vast Expence, false Witnesses, who cover all them with Ignominy, stopping their Ears against all the good Counsel that is given them, and shutting their Eyes against all the Examples of those who have recovered their Senses. But of all these mad Wretches, none sure was ever more distracted, than he over whose Door they pasted up the following Verses.

*Pinchwife, the maddest of the horned Train,  
Drunk with the Fumes that cloud his empty Brain,  
Consumes in Law the Income of a Lord,  
To be allowed a Cuckold in Record.  
Yet tell him he's a Fool, and that the Town  
Laugh at his Clamour, and deride his Moan;  
That ev'ry prudent Man in such a Case,  
Endeavours to keep secret his Disgrace;  
Go preach to such a Wretch! as well you might  
Attempt to wash an Æthiopian white.*

On the other Side of the *Pactolus* are the *Imaginary Cuckolds*, who believe themselves to be what they are not, and the *Incredulous Cuckolds*, who are not to be convinced that they are what they really are: These are two Sorts of Citizens of very different Tempers; the first resolving to be Inhabitants of this City in Spight of all that could be done to prevent them; and the others being to the last Degree astonished at their being made free thereof, without having any Title to it, as they are pleased to flatter themselves. The Houses of these two Sorts of Citizens, whose Tempers are so very different, are separated from each other by a Rivulet called the *Perverse*, whose Waters are so muddy and so thick, that the Eye cannot discover what lies at the Bottom.

The *Incredulous* are only so, because they repose too entire, and too implicit a Confidence in whatever

their artful Wives endeavour to make them believe ; they live contented, and quiet, but not like those *contented Ones* in that Quarter called the *Land of Plenty*, who both know of, give Consent to, and pocket up their *Horns*, in order to reap their own Benefit from it, but by the Means of an indolent Ignorance, that keeps them from all Uneasiness.

Whilst the Day lasts, their whole Employment is to enjoy a sweet and peaceable Repose in the Forest of *Confidence*, a Place that is impenetrable by the Rays of the Sun, and not within the Reach of the Noise of the City. The one might in vain beat all their Drums, and sound all their Trumpets, yet wou'd it never in the least disturb their Ears ; and the other might shine out with the greatest Lustre, and diffuse all his brightest Rays around the Globe to as little Purpose, since it wou'd not have the least Effect upon their Eyes. Happy they in their peaceful Indolence ! But more happy still the artful Gypsies, who have brought them to such a Pass !

There is nothing to be seen in this Quarter, but mutual Pleasure and Endearments between the Husbands and Wives ; the one, with an entire Confidence, think they can neither find Words obliging enough, or Caresses tender enough to thank their Dears for a Fidelity, which they are far from keeping ; and the subtle Baggages, the more they deceive them, the more they redouble their Wheedlings, their Caresses, and all Manner of fond and ensnaring Endearments.

On the Contrary, that Quarter which is inhabited by the *Imaginary Cuckolds*, differs widely from this in every Particular ; the People there are morose, quarrelsome, and unsociable ; one may observe them always upon their Guard against every Body, and both Sexes are equally subject to this Vertigo : Nothing there is to be heard but Quarrels and Reproaches ; the one are perpetually troubled with the *Spleen*, and the others with the *Vapours* ; their very Children fall

Saci-

Sacrifices to this reciprocal Caprice ; even the most legitimate are looked upon as Bastard Grafts, every thing there is misconstrued, and they judge of nothing without Prejudice. One can't so much as set a Foot in the Streets, without finding a prodigious Number falling together by the Ears ; and the honest Man in the Play, \* who interposed impertinently between the Faggot-maker and his Wife, in order to bring them to a Reconciliation, would have found full Employment there, in meddling between the Bark and the Tree.

In short, these People are absolutely incorrigible ; for, although the Goddess of Reason once sent the famous *Moliere* to them, from the contented *Witalls* of the *Land of Plenty*, in order to convince them of their Infatuation, by drawing an admirable Picture of the Extravagance of their Imaginations, he could never succeed in the Cure he had undertaken, and their Brains remained as much addled as ever ; wherefore some time after they were complimented with the following Verses.

*When real Ills upon us fall,  
If not felt, they're no Ills at all ;  
Nor do they cause much Grief or Pain :  
But they whom fancy'd Ills oppress,  
Sworn Foes to their own Happiness,  
Are blest with Health and Wealth in vain.  
Incurable is their Disease,  
In vain one strives to give them Ease ;  
Ev'n Remedies themselves offend ;  
And all the fruitless Pains we take,  
On their sick Brain a Cure to make,  
T' exasperate them only tend.*

As *Hornborough*, although it is of a vast Extent, is far from being large enough to contain that prodigious

\* *Mock-Doctor.*

ous Number of Inhabitants, who have actually an incontestable Right to a Freedom there, the Country round about swarms with the meaner Sort, who leave the City for Courtiers, Commissioners of the Treasury and Customs, Gentlemen of Estates, great Merchants, substantial Tradesmen, and some Officers of the Army ; but above all for an infinite Number of *Grown-men*, whose Profession marks them out for a *Head piece of Horn-work*, which they very seldom fail to wear.

Having thus given an Account of the whole Body of the Island, there remains now only two little Districts to be described, which are two Peninsula's that run out into the Sea ; the one, which is on a Neck of Land towards the *North*, is the Promontory of *Divorce*, and the other, which is on another towards the *South*, is the Promontory of *Widowhood*.

The Peninsula of *Divorce*, is only separated from the Isle of *Marriage* by a very narrow *Isthmus*, through which it is pretty difficult to pass. It is called the *Isthmus of Corinth* ; and from thence came the Proverb, that every Body is not allowed to go to *Corinth* ; that is to say, that every Body is not allowed a Passage into the Peninsula of *Divorce*.

The Extravagance of an old Chancellor of a Diocess, who was desirous of rendering this Passage more easy, induced him formerly to constitute an imprudent, filthy, and brutal Giant, called my Lord *Congress*, Superintendent of this *Isthmus*. This was a curious and shameless *Wretch*, who in order to remove the Difficulties of this Passage, rendered *impotent* (by obliging them to be perform'd in Publick) the *conjugal Efforts* of those Husbands who would have hindered their Wives from removing into this Peninsula. The Modesty of the Moderns would no longer suffer this filthy Lord to expose the Combatants to this Shame and Infamy, wherefore they have cashiered this ridiculous Superintendent ; but in Return, the artful *Amathontins* have brought into Play

another Enchantress, who has been introduced under the Name of *Separation*, and they have supported her so well, that she makes few Attempts without Success.

It is she who now peoples the *Peninsula of Divorce*, because the River *Repudiate*, whereby they formerly arrived thither, is no longer navigable; thus by removing a small Evil which produced a great Good, they have introduced a small Good, which does not prevent a great Evil.

This little Country has neither Towns nor Villages; all the Houses are separated from each other like Hermitages; and to take a View of it from the neighbouring Eminencies, one wou'd fancy it actually the Abode of some Anchorets. But the Solitude and Melancholy of these Desarts, is mightily alleviated, by the frequent Intercourse of the *Amazontins*, who take Abundance of Delight therein, and find the Means to administer agreeable Consolation to the solitary Inhabitants. Above all, this is the Place where the Gentlemen of the long Robe gain the most Triumphs; for as the fair Sex cannot get over the Difficulties that obstruct this Passage, without the Assistance of those who wear that Robe, their first Care is always to provide themselves of a Protector, who may remove all Obstacles.

The Inhabitants of this Country are not beloved by those in the Isle of *Marriage*; but when the latter take upon them to blame their Conduct, they have an Answer ready, which is as follows.

*Full happily, tho' something late,  
We're freed from the curs'd Marriage State,  
That Bane and Torment of our Lives;  
You who've of late put on those Chains,  
And blame our Conduct, count your Gains,  
When your new Dears are grown meer Wives.*

*A little Patience, we beseech,  
E're you begin to us to preach,  
And you e're long will surely find,  
That even they who fare the best,  
And envy'd are by all the rest,  
Are far from bleſſed in their own Mind.*

Although these *Divorces* are most commonly demanded by the Women, the Men sometimes don't fail to take Advantage thereof, and several Husbands have even found the Means to provoke their Wives artfully to sue for them, and then pretending to oppose it, they suffer themselves to be cast, like *Ovid's* Mistress, who was overcome (as he says) by her own Treachery. This made one of those, who had got rid of his matrimonial Burthen by this Artifice, and had obtained a Place in this Solitude, have the Picture of a Ship in a Storm drawn in *Fresco* in his Cell, and the Pilot calling out to the Sailors to fling over board all the heaviest Luggage, in Obedience to which Order, one of them takes up his Wife, and throws her into the Sea, with the following Lines at the Bottom of the Picture :

*Whilſt th' angry Waves run Mountains high,  
And o'er the ſhatter'd Veffel break,  
Throw over board, the Sailor's cry,  
Your heaviest Goods, for all's at Stake.  
Pleas'd with this Order to comply,  
I to the Floods commit my Wife,  
For ſure I am that never I,  
Had heavier Goods in all my Life.*

The other Peninsula is that of *Widowhood*, which is upon a Promontory that lies towards the South, and is only separated from the rest of the Island, by a very narrow Neck of Land, which is wholly taken up by a magnificent *Mausoleum*, built after the Model of that of Queen *Artemisa*; insomuch that there

is no passing for any one from the Isle of *Marriage*, to the District of *Widowhood*, but through this Tomb, by the Means of a subterraneous Vault, that is contrived under it.

The Inhabitants always make their Entrance there in Mourning, and they live there in Joy and Pleasure; the Air of this Country, which every one there breaths with Freedom, being the most consolatory in the World. Nevertheless, all the Inhabitants are not able to relish it with Pleasure and Satisfaction; for there comes a Wind from the Coast of a certain little Province of the Island, called *Binubia*, whose malignant Atoms cause new *Itchings*, which create such Uneasiness, as those that are troubled therewith, believe they can have no Cure for, without going to *Binubia*, and breathing the Air of that Place.

One cannot re-enter the Island of *Marriage*, but by this Coast, which makes a little separate Province, and has even some particular Laws, which are not observed in the other Provinces.

In order to set sail for this little Country of *Binubia*, the Inhabitants of the Peninsula of *Widowhood*, must embark at a certain little Port, which has taken its Name from the celebrated *Epesian Matron*, because it was there she took Shipping with her Soldier, in order to set sail for *Binubia*. Nevertheless several Persons have given it the Name of *Evil Counsel*, although the Marble that is at the Foot of an old Statue which is placed there, gives very good *Counsel* in the following Verses, which are to be seen thereon.

*Why will you part with that dear Liberty,  
Which you've so sigh'd for, and so dearly bought?  
Why run again into that Slavery,  
Whence fortunately you by Death was brought?  
From Shipwreck once escap'd the prudent Man,  
When he's arriv'd safe at his wif'd for Port,  
Temptis be the Dangers of the Sea again,  
To make himself of Winds and Waves the Sport?*

And on the other Side of the Marble one may  
read these other Verses.

*Whoe'er, once freed from Marriage-Chain,  
Hamper themselves therein again,  
Incorrigible write them down,  
A Title they can't well disown;  
And I, with all my Soul, consent,  
To doom them to the Punishment,  
Those barden'd Culprits must expect,  
Whom Mercy shown will not affect.*

'Tis impossible to imagine with what violent Fits of Laughter, what cutting Raillery, the Inhabitants of *Wid.wood* banter those who set out for *Binubia*; they hire an infinite Number of Hawkers, who are perpetually hollowing in their Ears, *A Warning to all old Widows, who marry second Husbands. The lamentable History and Downfall of the old Widower who married his Cook-maid; come a Half-penny a Piece, a Half-penny a-piece*, and a Thousand other such biting Jests, in Derision of those who have not the Resolution to keep themselves in that happy State, which perhaps they have ardently wished for an Hundred Times, before the happy Minute of their Deliverance came.

But the People of *Binubia*, who have often been themselves the first to rally those whom they have afterwards follow'd, give, once for all, the following Answer to those who stay behind.

*Patience, too soon your Bliss you boast,  
Perhaps you count without your Host;  
Already once the Fool you've play'd,  
And may again, you're not yet dead.*

And perhaps they are not very much in the wrong, when they answer them in this Manner; for it frequently happens that we fall into that very same Error, for which we have been the first to reprehend others

others; and most Part of the Inhabitants of *Binubia*, did not engage in second Marriages, till after they had often endeavoured to dissuade others from it.

*Binubia* is a little City, whose Buildings are for the most Part old, and almost ready to fall; only the Walls are new white-wash'd, new plastered up, and new painted according to Art, to hide all Defects. Every thing there has a melancholy and mournful Aspect: And as almost every Match there has been made by the Influence of Self-Interest, all there are intent upon managing their Affairs to their own private Advantage, at the Expence of their Partner, whom they flatter themselves with the Hopes of surviving. Accordingly the very best Employment of any in this Country, is to follow the Law, in order to take Advantage of the innumerable Law-Suits which are daily caused by second Marriages.

Nothing is to be heard there, but the Complaints and mournful Lamentations of Children by a first Marriage, who have been robbed and cheated of their Right, to inrich those by a second; with endless Enquiries into Titles to Estates, to which the Lawyers at last become the principal Heirs; and Disputes about Guardians Accounts, and false Inventories: In short, every thing there is in Trouble, and Confusion, and the Pettyfoggers have not in the World such another fruitful Nursery of Law-Suits.

Having now given you an Account of all the different People that inhabit the Island of *Marriage*, viz. the *Discreet*, the *Ill-match'd*, the *Ill-at-Ease*, the *Jealous*, the *Cuckolds*, the *Binubians*, the *Divorced*, and the Inhabitants of *Widowhood*; nothing remains but to give likewise some Description of their Enemies the *Amathontins*, and the *pépetual Wars* they have with them.

I have already observed that *Amathontis*, or the *Island of Lovers*, is not far distant from the Isle of

*Marriage*; and indeed it is so near, that the *Ambontins* are every Moment invading them in prodigious Numbers, and never fail making terrible Havock amongst them; insomuch that they are very seldom driven out again when they have once got footing there. One Province or other, is always warmly engaged with them, especially *Cuckoldshire*, which is over-run with their Multitudes, and the others are not free from them.

Their manner of waging War is very pleasant, for it is not in Incursions, that make a great Noise and Bustle in the World, that they place their chief Hope and Dependance; no, they do their Busines much better, by introducing themselves without Clamour, by getting Footing privately, and by gaining over to their Interest, all the most considerable Persons in the Country; but they have no sooner made a Lodgment any where, but they know how to maintain themselves therein, and the fewer they march in Company, the more formidable they are.

It is not then with open Force, that they attack the Enemy whom they design to overthrow; one hears neither Trumpet sound, nor Drum beat when they march either to storm a Fort, or to give Battle; all is done without Noise; Advances are all made either by Intrenchment, or by Sap, and their Battles are all reduced to single Combat, every Man singling out the Enemy with whom he chooses to encounter.

As for their Weapons, Volleys of Sighs are their only Small Arms; Languishing and dying Eyes, their only Swords; and the softest and most tender Expressions, their most dangerous Artillery: They have indeed a kind of *Short Stiletto* which they always carry about them conceal'd, and with which they sometimes give dangerous Stabs; but this is never but when they are very close, and very warmly engaged, and have the Enemy down and at a Disadvantage, for which Reason some Persons will scarcely allow it to be a fair Weapon; but, be that as it will, it is well known, that

that few of the Enemy are afraid of its most horrid Thrusts.. Their greatest Valour then consists only in their Submission and Complaisance to their Enemies ; their Glory is wholly confin'd to loading them with their own Spoils ; and their most compleat Victory is in expiring between the Arms of the conquer'd Enemy ; in short, the more secret their Triumphs are, the greater Pleasure they take in them.

By this Conduct, and provided the Sineaws of War are not wanting, there is nothing which an Amathontin cannot effect : No Fortifications are Proof against their Cannon, nor is there any Fort which will not surrender, if they persevere in their Attacks. This made them once put the following Inscription, upon a Quiver which they dedicated to the God of Love.

*In th' Island which from Marriage takes its Name,  
Especially amongst the Jealous Bands,  
The watchfullst, haughtiest, and discreetest Dame,  
With Difficulty can escape our Hands ;  
Yet do we never open War declare,  
We are a kind of subtle Privateers ;  
And when we find a tender-hearted Fair,  
With all her num'rous Train of Hopes and Fears,  
Let Argus all his Hundred Eyes employ,  
Still will we be the Masters of the Field,  
In spight of him we'll seize the killing Joy,  
And force the coyest, stubborn'st She to yield.*

Neither do they often fail of being as good as their Words. These *Amathontins*, are an agreeable free, good-humoured, generous, and disinterested People, insomuch that instead of ravaging, and amassing Spoils in the Country of Marriage, they spend at such a Rate, that they very often enrich those they have overthrown, and those who have connived at their getting any Footing in the Country.

But whoever would attempt to describe all the Wiles, and all the Stratagems, whereof this artful Nation

Nation make use, in order to introduce themselves, make a Lodgment, and gain a compleat Victory, would be obliged to write Millions of Volumes. Not but that there are among them an infinit Number, of *Inconsorants*, *Indiscreet ones*, and *Imposters*; one may hear Complaints made of them every Day. But notwithstanding all these Complaints, there would be no living without them, and half their Enemies would be in a very sad Condition, if they should cease to make War upon them.

'Tis impossible to conceive into what a good Humour the reading of this agreeable Piece put the whole Company, by its humorous Description of the Isle of *Marriage*. All own'd it to be exquisitely imagined, and to be carried on with the nicest Judgment; at last it brought into our Minds the celebrated *Map of Tender* in the Romance of *Clelia*, which formerly was highly extoll'd, but every one agreed that this had several Beauties, and a Delicacy, and Turn, which the other was far from coming up to.

Every one then call'd to Remembrance those Places which had made the most lively Impression upon their Imagination; but of all the Parts of the Island, they always return'd again to *Hornborough*, through a certain natural Inclination, which seems to draw all the World thither; either to make part of its Inhabitants, or to laugh at them, and very often for both. For the Citizens of this vast City have this merry Faculty belonging to them, that they generally ridicule one another; some to divert Peoples Thoughts from being fix'd upon them, and others to comfort themselves for their own Disgrace.

At last, *Melinda*, one of the three Ladies who were with us, and who has a delicate and just Way of thinking and expressing herself, turn'd about to me, and asked me, if I could give any Reason, why People were fond of having it thought, that the *Horned Society* are the chief, and most numerous Part of the Inhabitants of this yest Country.

You

You ask me a Question, Madam, said I, to which it is very difficult to find an Answer ; for as soon as you reflect, that this formidable Society consists for the most part of Men who are *haughty, unsociable, morose, snappish, ill-natured, uncomplaisant, uneasy in their Circumstances*, and perpetually employed about every Thing that is the *most unlikely* to render a Man *gallant and agreeable*, you will find more Reasons than one, for what you desire to know.

These few Words open'd us a large Field of Scandal, and gave us full Scope, to take a general Review of some hundreds of our Acquaintance, which we accordingly did afterwards, Time not then permitting by Reason Dinner was ready : Wherefore we adjourn'd our Satire 'till afternoon, at the joint Invitation of *Ceres, Bacchus*, and our own Appetites, which were by this Time pretty sharp set : What past afterwards, may possibly prove the Entertainment of another Day, if this meets with a favourable Acceptance from the Town.

F I N I S.

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